

# CRITIQUE

ON

## MILTON'S

### PARADISE REGAIN'D.

---

*simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.*

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L O N D O N :

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*An indifferent criticism.*







## CHAP. I.

**T**HE principal End of Poetry is Instruction. All the Powers and Charms which are given it to produce Delight, are given only as Means subservient to this End. Whatever is most pleasing is most instructive, as it's most effectual in engaging the Attention, and in stamping lively and lasting Impressions on the Mind. Hence, the secondary Aim of Poets has always been to please, in order to instruct with greater Success: Hence have they invented Harmony in Sounds, and different Measures of Verse: From hence sprung Figures and Tropes, and all the Ornaments of Language: From hence the whole Art of Poetry derives it's Birth.

THE Poet who neglects the Instruction of his Readers; he whose Writings import only Pleasure, and not Profit to their Minds; he who warms the Imagination without enlightning the Understanding, is no

B

more

more than an Under-Actor in his Profession; he performs but half a Poet's Part, and merits but half his Praise.

THE Sister-Arts of Poetry and Painting agree in this, as in other respects, that their highest Excellence and Perfection are alike derived from their attaining the End which they alike pursue. The Picture that strikes the Fancy without touching the Heart, and excites Pleasure without raising any moral Sentiment, is far less valuable than the Piece that equally succeeds in both these Attainments. Herds, and Flocks, and Rivers gliding through flowry Meads, with Peasants and Cottages, Hills and Woods, Light and Shade skilfully intermix'd, will form a beautiful Landskip, and will furnish out a pleasing Amusement to the Mind. But when Images of moral Beauty are exhibited to view; when blended Colours are made expressive of Distress, of Compassion, of Generosity, of Continence; and the Pencil awakens every tender and kind Affection in our Breasts, as when *Alexander* visits the Tent of *Darius*, and the afflicted, female Captives are suppliant at his Feet, how different! how superiour a Pleasure must every one feel! \*

THE foregoing Reflections were occasion'd by an *English* Poem, which tho' far from being generally read, deserves a general Reading, better than any Poem either antient or modern. A Performance that abounds with

\* The Writer of these Sheets cannot forbear to take his Reader aside, and inform him that the same Delight which the Tent of *Darius* affords in Picture, is to be had from a Representation of it in a Bass-Relief of Marble, to be seen in the Hall of the Lord COBHAM's House at *Stow* in *Buckinghamshire*. In this admirable Piece of Art, the Chizzel has express'd a Diversity of Passions in the several Figures, as naturally, and with as much Life and Spirit, as it's possible for it to be done by the Pencil. A Traveller would be tempted to visit *Stow*, for the sake of this single Curiosity, was he not invited there by a Multitude of other Curiosities in that beautiful Villa, and it's adjoining magnificent Gardens, worthy of a Person of so exquisite a Taste as the present noble Possessor, who enjoys Life with truly *Roman* Elegance, and Consul-like Dignity.



with such instructive Doctrines, and with Sentiments of Morality so just, so useful, and so refined, the World has not yet receiv'd. And yet the World has receiv'd it with much Ingratitude, with much Neglect. The Reader will be surpriz'd at hearing the Name of *Milton's Paradise Regain'd*. It labours under so much Discredit, that some Persons question whether it belongs to the Author whose Name it bears. It's a common Tradition, that *Milton* always spoke of it as his favourite Work, and prefer'd it to his *Paradise Lost*. Few Persons besides have judg'd so rightly of it. His other Poem perhaps exceeds it in Fruitfulness of Fancy, in Variety and Compass of Invention, and in Ornaments of Stile. The Verse of *Paradise Regain'd* is more artless, and is less embellish'd with Flights of Imagination, and with Figures of Speech. But it supplies a much richer Fund of intellectual Pleasure; it conveys the most important Truths to the Understanding; it inspires the most large and liberal Notions, and every where dissipates vulgar Prejudices and popular Mistakes.

NOR are fine Descriptions and beautiful Images wanting to entertain his Reader, and to add Life and Lustre to his Subject. But he is sparing of these, as being less conducive to his main Design, which was to give a right Direction to the Thoughts and Actions of Men.

THE Subject of the Poem is the Temptation of the Son of God in the Wilderness, and his Victory over the Devil. The Characters both of the one and the other are as finely drawn, and are as suitable to the Persons as can possibly be conceiv'd. The one contrives the most artful Snares and most powerful Temptations, which the other eludes and defeats with consummate Prudence, with the greatest Strength of Reason, and with a Spirit that's truly heroical, and becoming a Person of Divine Extraction.

THE Exordium is as plain and simple, as that imputed to *Virgil*, *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c. which *Milton* imitates.

I who e'er while the happy Garden fung,  
By one Man's Difobedience loft, now fing  
Recover'd Paradise to all Mankind.

BUT his Plainness and Simplicity are gradually laid aside, and are exchanged for the richest Ornaments. He rises from low Beginnings to a surprising Heighth.

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

THE Invocation is perfectly agreeable to the Poet's Undertaking, and is neither strain'd too high, nor drawn out too far into Length.

Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremite  
Into the Defart, his victorious Field,  
Against the spiritual Foe, and broughtst him thence  
By Proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As Thou art wont, my prompted Song else mute,  
And bear through Heighth or Depth of Nature's Bounds  
With prosperous Wing full *summ'd*, to tell of Deeds *plum'd*  
Above heroic, tho' in secret done,  
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unfung.

THERE



THERE are several beautiful Lines describing the Desert and our Saviour's Abode in it, particularly these following :

Full forty days he pass'd, whether on Hill  
 Sometimes, anon in shady Vale, each Night  
 Under the Covert of some ancient Oak,  
 Or Cedar, to defend him from the Dew,  
 Or harbour'd in *one* Cave, is not reveal'd ; *some*  
 Nor tasted human Food, nor Hunger felt  
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
 Among wild Beasts : They at his Sight grew mild,  
 Nor sleeping him, nor waking harm'd ; his Walk  
 The fiery Serpent fled and noxious Worm,  
 The Lion and fierce Tyger glar'd aloof.

THE Picture of *Satan* at his first meeting the Son of God is artfully and judiciously drawn :

But now an aged Man in rural Weeds,  
 Following, as seem'd, the Quest of some stray Ewe,  
 Or wither'd Sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a Winter's Day, when Winds blow keen,

To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,

He saw approach, who first with curious Eye

Perus'd him, then with Words thus utter'd spake.

THE Conference between the Tempter and our Saviour, which takes up what remains of the first Book, is full of the deepest Subtlety on the one side, and of the highest Wisdom on the other. *Satan* having boasted that he sometimes is admitted into the Heaven of Heavens, and into the Presence of God, is excellently well answer'd in these fine Lines.

—The happy Place

Imports to Thee no Happiness, no Joy,

Rather inflames thy Torment, representing

Lost Bliss to Thee no more communicable,

So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.

NOTHING can be more poetical than the close of the first Book :

He added not; and *Satan*, bowing low

His grey Diffimulation, disappear'd

Into thin Air diffus'd: For now began

Night with her fullen Wings to double-shade

The Defart; Fowls in their clay Nests were couch'd,

And now wild Beasts came forth the Woods to roam!





## CHAP. II.

**S**ATAN having left our Saviour, returns to his Confederates to relate what he had discover'd and done in the Defart. He finds them sitting in Council in the middle Region of the Air.

There without Sign of Boast, or Sign of Joy,  
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.

HE tells them that such an Enemy is risen to invade them, as threatens their Expulsion down to Hell; that he had view'd, and tried him, and found that far other Labour was to be undergone than when he dealt with *Adam*. He therefore warns them, not to be too confident of Success, but to be ready to assist him with their Counsel, and their Strength, for fear he should be over-match'd. The Advice that was given on this occasion by *Belial*,

\_\_\_\_\_the dissoluteſt Spirit that fell  
The ſensualleſt, and, after *Aſmodai*,  
The fleſhlieſt Incubus,

is perfectly in Character, and is finely express'd :

Set Women in his Eye, and in his Walk,  
Among Daughters of Men the fairest found.

Many are in each Region passing fair  
As the Noon-Sky ; more like to Goddeses  
Than mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,  
Expert in am'rous Arts, enchanting Tongues  
Persuasive, Virgin Majesty with mild  
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,  
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
Hearts after them tangl'd in amorous Nets :  
Such Object hath the Power to soft'n and tame  
Severest Temper, smooth the rugged'st Brow,  
Enerve, and with voluptuous Hope dissolve,  
Draw out with credulous Desire, and lead  
At Will the manliest, resolute'st Breast,  
As the Magnetic hardest Iron draws.

THE Answer of *Satan* to this Speech is full of Strength and Propriety,  
and shines with beautiful Images :

—what



———what Woman will you find,  
Tho' of this Age the Wonder and the Fame;  
On whom his leifure will vouchsafe an Eye  
Of fond Desire? Or should she confident,  
As fitting Queen ador'd on Beauty's Throne,  
Descend, with all her winning Charms begirt,  
T' enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once  
Wrought that Effect on *Jove*, so Fables tell;  
How would one Look from his majestic Brow,  
Seated as on the Top of Virtue's Hill,  
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout  
All her Array, her female Pride deject,  
Or turn to rev'rent Awe? For Beauty stands  
In th' Admiration only of weak Minds  
Led captive; cease t' admire, and all her Plumes  
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial Toy,  
At ev'ry suddain flighting quite abash'd:  
Therefore with manlier Objects we must try  
His Constancy, with such as have more Shew  
Of Worth; *of* Honour, Glory, popular Praise, *with*  
Rocks whereon greatest Men have often wreck'd.

THE Counsel of *Satan* being receiv'd with universal Applause by the infernal Consistory, he hastens back to the Desert, attended by a selected Band of wicked Spirits, who were to act the Parts assign'd them by him, and be the ready Messengers and Ministers of his Will. The Poet introduces him again to our Saviour in a judicious manner, and at the same time presents his Readers with a well-drawn Sylvan Scene.

Thus wore out Night, and now the Herald-Lark  
Left his Ground-Nest, high-tow'ring to descry  
The Morn's Approach, and greet her with his Song;  
As lightly from his grassy Couch up rose  
Our Saviour.——

Up to a Hill anon his Steps he rear'd  
From whose high Top to ken the Prospect round,  
If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote, or Herd:  
But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he saw,  
Only in a Bottom saw a pleasant Grove,  
With Chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud;  
Thither he bent his Way, determin'd there  
To rest at Noon, and enter'd soon the Shade  
High-rooft, and Walks beneath, and Alleys brown  
That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,  
Nature's own Work it seem'd, (Nature taught Art)

And



And to a superstitious Eye the Haunt  
 Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs: He view'd it round;  
 When suddainly a Man before him stood,  
 Not rustick as before, but seemlier clad  
 As one in City, Court, or Palace bred,  
 And with fair Speech these Words to him address'd.

*JESUS* being hungry after a Fast of forty Days, the Devil tempts him to eat, and for this Purpose sets before him a most magnificent Entertainment, than which nothing can be finelier described:

He spake no Dream; for as his Words had end,  
 Our Saviour lifting up his Eyes beheld  
 In ample Space, under the broadest Shade,  
 A Table richly spread, in regal Mode,  
 With Dishes pile'd, and Meats of noblest sort  
 And favour, Beasts of Chace, or Fowl of Game,  
 In Pastry built, or from the Spit, or boil'd,  
*Gris-amber-steam'd*, all Fish from Sea or Shore,  
*Freshet* or purling Brook, of Shell or Fin, *Fresh-shot*  
 And exquisite Name, for which was drain'd  
*Pontus* and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Africk* Coast.  
 And at a stately Sideboard by the Wine,

That

That fragrant Smell diffus'd, in order stood  
 Tall stripling Youths rich clad, of fairer Hue  
 Than *Ganymede* or *Hylas*; distant more  
 Under the Trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood  
 Nymphs of *Diana's* Train, and *Naiades*  
 With Fruits and Flowers of *Amalthea's* Horn,  
 And Ladies of th' *Hesperides*, that seem'd  
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
 [*Of Fairy-Damsels met in Forest wide*  
*By Knights of Logres, or of Lyones,*  
*Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore* ;]  
 And all the while harmonious Airs were heard  
 Of chiming Strings, or charming Pipes; and Winds  
 Of gentlest Gale *Arabian* Odours fann'd  
 From their soft Wings, and *Flora's* earliest Smells.

*SATAN*, defeated in this Assault, has recourse to Temptations of a more prevailing Influence. He endeavours to excite in our Saviour a Thirst for Wealth, for Power, and for the Glory and Fame of military Exploits. The Answer return'd him with respect to Wealth, is perfectly worthy of the Speaker.

——Can'st thou not remember  
*Quintus, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?*

For



For I esteem those Names of Men so poor,  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
Riches tho' offer'd from the Hand of Kings.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that I  
May also in this Poverty as soon  
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?  
Extol not Riches then, the Toyl of Fools,  
The wise Man's Cumbrance, if not Snare, more apt  
To slacken Virtue, and abate her Edge,  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit Praise.

THEN are subjoin'd these admirable Lines on Empire, and a Desire of  
kingly Rule, which conclude the second Book.

What if with like Aversion I reject  
Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,  
Golden in Shew, is but a Wreath of Thorns,  
Brings Dangers, Troubles, Cares, and sleeplefs Nights  
To him who wears the regal Diadem,  
When on his Shoulders each Man's Burden lies:  
For therein stands the Office of a King,  
His Honour, Virtue, Merit, and chief Praise,  
That for the Publick all this Weight he bears.

Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King,  
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous Man attains;  
And who attains not, ill-aspires to rule  
Cities of Men, or headstrong Multitudes,  
Subject himself to Anarchy within,  
Or lawless Passions in him which he serves.  
But to guide Nations in the Way of Truth  
By saving Doctrine, and from Error lead  
To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the Soul,  
Governs the inner Man, the nobler part;  
That other o'er the Body only reigns,  
And oft by Force, which to a generous Mind  
So reigning can be no sincere Delight.  
Besides to give a Kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous than to assume.  
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
To gain a Scepter, oft best better mis'd.





## C H A P. III.

**M**ILTON has been seen delivering his Thoughts on Wealth and Power in a perfectly right and true Way in the foregoing Chapter. He continues in the same way of thinking in the third Book, in which the Devil persists in tempting the Son of God to signalize himself in Arms for the sake of Glory and Fame. There are few Writers on these delicate Subjects who are not found to speak more conformably to vulgar Prejudices than to Reason and Truth. But every thing that *Milton* utters, is accompanied with strong Sense, with clear Light, with resistless Charms. His Doctrines in these Points, in which Mankind are generally deceiv'd, are more just, more rational, and more instructive, than those which any Philosopher before him has taught either in Prose or Verse. What Misery and Desolation! what Havock and Bloodshed! what Disorder and Confusion in human Affairs, have been owing to wrong Notions of Glory and Fame; to Notions which are quite the Reverse of what *Paradise Regain'd* conveys in these excellent Lines!

—What is Glory but the Blaze of Fame,  
The People's Praise, if always Praise unmix'd?  
And what the People but a Herd confus'd,

A miscellaneous Rabble, who extol  
Things vulgar, and well-weigh'd, scarce worth the Praise?  
They praise and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
And what Delight to be by such extoll'd,  
To live upon their Tongues and be their Talk,  
Of whom to be despis'd were no small Praise?  
His Lot who dares be singularly good.  
Th' intelligent among them, and the wise  
Are few, and Glory scarce of few is rais'd.

A little farther on, the Poet proceeds thus in the same noble Strains.

They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By Conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large Countries, and in Field great Battles win,  
Great Cities by Assault: What do these Worthies,  
But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving Freedom more  
Than those their Conquerours, who leave behind  
Nothing but Ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing Works of Peace destroy;  
Then swell with Pride, and must be titled Gods,  
Great Benefactors of Mankind, Deliverers,  
Worshipp'd with Temple, Priest, and Sacrifice:

One



One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,  
 Till Conqu'ror Death discovers them scarce Men,  
 Rowling in brutish Vices, and deform'd,  
 Violent or shameful Death their due Reward.  
 But if there be in Glory aught of Good,  
 It may by means far different be attain'd,  
 Without Ambition, War, or Violence,  
 By Deeds of Peace, by Wisdom eminent,  
 By Patience, Temperance: I mention still  
 Him whom thy Wrongs, with faintly Patience born,  
 Made famous in a Land and Times obscure;  
 Who names not now with Honour patient *Job*?  
 Poor *Socrates*! who next more memorable?  
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,  
 For Truth's sake suffering Death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in Fame to proudest Conquerors.  
 Yet if for Fame and Glory aught be done,  
 Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for Fame  
 His wasted Country freed from *Punic* Rage,  
 The Deed becomes unprais'd, the Man at least,  
 And loses, though but verbal, his Reward.

WHATEVER had been urg'd by the Tempter to recommend Glory  
 and Fame, had been urg'd without Success. He proceeds therefore to re-  
 mind *Jesus* that antient Prophecies had foretold and mark'd him out as  
 the Successor of *David* in the *Jewish* Throne. But he adds withal, that  
 tho' Prophecies were fulfilled, and *Jesus* was seated on that Throne,

yet that his Reign could not possibly be secure or lasting between the overruling Monarchies of *Parthia* and *Rome*, unless he could gain over one of them to his side. For accomplishing this, *Satan* offers his best Assistance, and to tempt our Saviour to comply with his Offer, carries him to the Summit of an exceeding high Mountain, from whence he might survey the Power and Pride of those vast Empires. The wide-stretch'd Prospect which the Reader may imagine he sees from the Mountain, is beautifully pictur'd.

It was a Mountain at whose verdant Feet  
A spacious Plain out-stretch'd in Circuit wide  
Lay pleasant ; from his side two Rivers flow'd,  
Th' one winding, th' other strait, and left between  
Fair Champain with less Rivers intervein'd,  
Then meeting join'd their Tribute to the Sea.  
Fertile of Corn the Glebe, of Oil and Wine;  
With Herds the Pastures throng'd, with Flocks the Hills ;  
Huge Cities and high-tow'r'd, that well might seem  
The Seats of mightiest Monarchs ; and so large  
The Prospect was, that here and there was room  
For barren Defart fountainless and dry.

THE Geographical Description of the Eastern Countries that follows is very poetical, and far excelling any such Description in *Paradise Lost*, but it's too long to be here inserted. Nothing more shall be added to the foregoing Extracts out of the third Book, but the following admirable Lines in which the Poet describes a *Parthian* Army in Motion, with all the Preparation and Pomp of War.

He

He look'd and saw what Numbers numberless  
 The City Gates out-pour'd, light-armed Troops  
 In Coats of Mail, and military Pride;  
 In Mail their Horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Prancing their Riders bore, the Flower and Choice  
 Of many Provinces from Bound to Bound;  
 From *Arachosia*, from *Gandaor* East,  
 And *Margiana* to the *Hircanian* Cliffs  
 Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* Dales,  
 From *Atropatia*, and the neighb'ring Plains  
 Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South  
 Of *Susiana*, to *Balsara's* Hav'n.  
 He saw them in their Forms of Battel rang'd,  
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp Sleet of arrowy Show'r against the Face  
 Of their Pursuers, and overcame by Flight:  
 The Field all Iron cast a gleaming brown,  
 Nor wanted Clouds of Foot, nor on each Horn  
 Cuirassiers all in Steel for standing Fight,  
 Chariots, *or* Elephants endorst with Towers  
 Of Archers, nor of lab'ring Pioneers  
 A Multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd  
 To lay Hills plain, fell Woods, or Valleys fill,  
 Or where Plain was, raise Hill, or overlay  
 With Bridges Rivers proud, as with a Yoke.

nor



Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,  
And Waggon's fraught with Utenfils of War.



## CHAP. IV.

**T**HE Tempter, tho' perplex'd and troubled at his bad Success, is resolv'd to renew his Assaults, and to leave no Method of Temptation untried. The Comparisons which the Poet makes of his Conduct in the Beginning of the fourth Book are drawn in strong and lively Colours. Nature and Art are met together: The Harmony of Sounds and the Beauty of Imagination are combined to please the Reader in the following Lines;

But as a Man who had been matchless held  
In Cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,  
To save his Credit, and for very Spight,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
And never cease, though to his Shame the more;  
Or as a Swarm of Flies in Vintage-time,  
About the Wine-press where sweet Moust is pour'd,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming Sound;

Or

Or furling Waves against a solid Rock,  
 Tho' all to Shivers dash'd th' Assault renew,  
 Vain Batt'ry, and in Froth or Bubbles end ;  
 So *Satan*, whom Repulse upon Repulse  
 Met ever, and to shameful Silence brought,  
 Yet gives not o'er, though desp'rate of Success,  
 And his vain Importunity pursues.

FROM the Eastern side of the Mountain *Jesus* is conducted to the Western side, from whence he surveys the *Roman* Empire and its Capital City *Rome*, which is thus nobly set to view.

The City which thou seest, no other deem  
 Than great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth,  
 So far renown'd, and with the Spoils enrich'd  
 Of Nations ; there the Capitol thou seest  
 Above the rest lifting *his* stately Head  
 On the *Tarpeian* Rock, her Cittadel  
 Impregnable, and there Mount *Palatine*  
 Th' Imperial Palace, Compass huge, and high  
 The Structure, Skill of noblest Architects,  
 With gilded Battlements conspicuous far,  
 Turrets, and Terrasses, and glitt'ring Spires.  
 Many a fair Edifice besides, more like  
 Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd  
 My Airy Microscope) thou mayst behold,

*its*

Outside and Inside both, Pillars, and Roofs  
 Carv'd Work, the Hand of fam'd Artificers  
 In Cedar, Marble, Ivory, or Gold.  
 Thence to the Gates cast round thine Eye, and see  
 What Conflux issuing forth, or entering in,  
 Prætors, Proconsuls to their Provinces  
 Hast'ing, or on Return, in Robes of State,  
 Lictors *and* Rods the Ensigns of their Power, *with*  
 Legions and Cohorts, Turms of Horse, and Wings;  
 Or Embassies from Regions far remote  
 In various Habits on the *Appian* Road,  
 Or on th' *Emilian*.——

THE Reply of the Son of God consists of several Lines well-deserving of Notice, particularly these on the Vanity of Embassies;

——Then Embassies thou shew'st  
 From Nations far and nigh; what Honour that,  
 But tedious Waste of Time to sit and hear  
 So many hollow Compliments and Lyes,  
 Outlandish Flatteries?——

And the following on the Causes of the Degeneracy and Servitude of the *Roman* People:

For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
 That People Victor once, now vile and base,

Deservedly



Deservedly made vassal, who once just,  
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,  
 But govern ill the Nations under Yoke,  
 Peeling their Provinces, exhausted all  
 By Lust and Rapine; first ambitious grown  
 Of Triumph, that insulting Vanity;  
 Then cruel, by their Sports to Blood inur'd  
 Of fighting Beasts, and Men to Beasts expos'd,  
 Luxurious by their Wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily Scene effeminate.  
 What wise and valiant Man would seek to free  
 These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd,  
 Or could of inward Slaves make outward free?

*JESUS* being Proof against all the Temptations of Glory and Power, and being suppos'd by the Devil to be more inclin'd to Contemplation and Study, is directed by him to the Schools of Philosophy, the great Fountains of human Learning, then flourishing at *Athens*. The Description of that City, together with the various Sects of the *Grecian* Sages, is overspread with Beauties. *Milton*, who seems particularly pleas'd with this Part of his Subject, has here soar'd above his usual Flights,

Τὸ καὶ ἀπὸ γλῶσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέειν αὐδῇ.

Look once more e'er we leave this specular Mount  
 Westward, much nearer by South-west, behold

Where

Where on th' *Ægean* Shore a City stands  
Built nobly; pure the Air, and light the Soil,  
*Athens* the Eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts  
And Eloquence, native to famous Wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet Recess  
City or Suburban, studious Walks and Shades;  
See there the Olive-Grove of *Academe*,  
*Plato's* Retirement, where the *Attic* Bird  
Trills her thick-warbled Notes the Summer long;  
There (flow'ry Hill) *Hymettus* with the Sound  
Of Bees industrious Murmur oft invites  
To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rolls  
His whisp'ring Stream: Within the Walls then view  
The Schools of antient Sages; his who bred  
Great *Alexander* to subdue the World,  
*Lyceum* there, and painted *Stoa* next:  
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret Power  
Of Harmony in Tones and Numbers hit  
By Voice or Hand, and various-measur'd Verse,  
*Æolian* Charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,  
And his who gave them Breath, but higher sung,  
Blind *Melissigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,  
Whose Poem *Phæbus* challeng'd for his own:  
Thence what the lofty grave Tragoedians taught  
In Chorus or Iambic, Teachers best

Of moral Prudence, with Delight receiv'd  
 In brief sententious Precepts while they treat  
 Of Fate, and Chance, and Change in human Life,  
 High Actions and high Passions best describing :  
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,  
 Those antient, whose resistless Eloquence  
 Wielded at Will that fierce Democratic,  
 Shook th' *Arsenal*, and fulmin'd over *Greece* *Arsenals*  
 To *Macedon* and *Artaxerxes* Throne :  
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine Ear,  
 From Heav'n descended to the low-rooft House  
 Of *Socrates*; see there his Tenement,  
 Whom well-inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd  
 Wisest of Men; from whose Mouth issued forth  
 Mellifluous Streams that water'd all the Schools  
 Of Academicks old and new, with those  
 Sirnam'd *Peripateticks*, and the Sect  
*Epicurean*, and the *Stoick* severe.

IN our Saviour's next Reply to *Satan* are some excellent Lines on  
 overmuch reading, which deliver very useful and instructive Truths.

——However many Books  
 Wise Men have said are wearisome, who reads

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Incessantly,



Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A Spirit and Judgment equal or superiour,  
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)  
 Uncertain and unfettled still remains,  
 Deep vers'd in Books, and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting Toys,  
 And Trifles for choice Matters, worth a Sponge;  
 As Children gath'ring Pebbles on the Shore.

THE Tempter almost hopeless of Success, having been foil'd at every Weapon, and baffled in every Wile, conveys our Saviour back to the Desert. There he leaves him wearied and wanting Rest at the Close of Day, whilst he summons all his Ministers and Powers of Darkness to assist in raising a dreadful Tempest, and in trying whether the Mind of the Son of God was to be shaken and subdued by Terrour. A stormy Night, and a fair Morning that succeeds it, are described here with every beautiful Circumstance. It scarcely is excell'd by any Description in *Paradise Lost*.

——Darkness now rose

As Day-Light sunk, and brought in lowring Night,  
 Her shad'wy Offspring, unsubstantial both,  
 Privation meer of Light and absent Day.  
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubled Mind  
 After his airy Jaunt, tho' hurried fore,  
 Hungry and cold betook him to his Rest,

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Wherever,

Wherever, under some Concourse of Shades  
 Whose branching Arms thick interwin'd might shield  
 From Dews and Damps of Night his shelter'd Head,  
 But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his Head  
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly Dreams  
 Disturb'd his Sleep; and either Tropic now  
 'Gan thunder; *and* both Ends of Heav'n the Clouds *at*  
 From many a horrid Rift abortive pour'd  
 Fierce Rain with Lightning mixt, Water with Fire  
 In Ruin reconcil'd; nor slept the Winds  
 Within their stony Caves, but rush'd abroad  
 From the four Hinges of the World, and fell  
 On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,  
 Tho' rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks  
 Bow'd their stiff Necks, loaden with stormy Blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer: Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst  
 Unshaken; nor yet staid the Terrour there,  
 Infernal Ghosts, and hellish Furies round  
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,  
 Some bent at thee their fiery Darts, while thou  
 Satt'st unappal'd in calm and sinless Peace.  
 Thus pass'd the Night so foul till Morning fair  
 Came forth with Pilgrim-steps in Amice grey,

Who



Who with her *radiant* Finger still'd the Roar perhaps *rosy*  
 Of Thunder, \* *chas'd the Clouds, and laid the Winds,*  
 And grisly Spectres which the Fiend had rais'd  
 To tempt the Son of God with Terrours dire.  
 And now the Sun with more effectual Beams  
 Had chear'd the Face of Earth, and dried the Wet  
 From drooping Plant, or dropping Tree; the Birds,  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
 After a Night of Storm so ruinous,  
 Clear'd up their choicest Notes in Bush and Spray  
 To gratulate the sweet Return of Morn.

THAT the Writer of the foregoing Observations may not seem partial to *Milton*, he thinks himself oblig'd, having recounted the Excellencies of *Paradise Regain'd*, to confess that this invaluable Poem is not without Defects, and that some slight Blemishes may be here and there discern'd,

— *valut si*

*Egregio insperfor reprendas corpore naevos.*

IN the first Book the Poet detains his Reader with a long, and low, and unpleasing Soliloquy of *Jesus*, made up of several Circumstances which

\* *laid the Winds, and chas'd the Clouds,*



which are before related, and are partly repeated over again in a Soliloquy of the Virgin *Mary* in the second Book. In other Parts of his Poem he affects to borrow his Similitudes and Allusions from Romance and Fable, thereby mixing up suppos'd Realities with acknowledg'd Fictions; disfiguring and deforming his Subject with unsuitable Images; sinking where he is to rise; lessening what he should augment; and overlaying thick Shade where he ought to throw on the strongest Light. There's an Instance of this in the third Book, where the Devil having given our Saviour a noble View of the *Parthian* Army marching out to Bat-tel, the Poet adds,

Such Forces met not, nor so wide a Camp  
 When *Agrican* with all his Northern Pow'rs  
 Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell,  
 The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win  
 The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*  
 His Daughter, fought by many Prowest Knights,  
 Both *Paynim* and the Peers of *Charlemain*.

THE Reader has here the whole of the Remarks intended to be made on *Paradise Regain'd*. If the Remarker has open'd a new Field of Pleasure to his Countrymen, or discover'd hidden Stores of Instruction and Entertainment, he succeeds in his Aim of presenting the Fruits of a little Leisure to the Publick: He shall then think that he has not misemployed his Thoughts or his Time. Tho' he is not conceited of his own Judgment, yet he wishes, in respect to what he

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has

# 35 A CRITIQUE, &c.

has said of this neglected Poem, with which he confesses himself delighted, that the Readers may concur with him in the same Opinion, as he wishes they may share with him in the same Delight.

F I N I S.

Such Forces met not, nor so wide a Camp  
When Agincourt with all his Northern Powers

Engaged, as Ronsard tells  
The City of Gallipoli thence to win



The fairest of her Sex  
His Daughter, fought by many Frowns

Both Paynim and Christian



The Reader has  
made on the new Edition  
of the Poem to his Com-  
mends and Entertainment  
of a little leisure to the  
he has not misemployed his Thoughts or his Time. The Poem is not  
concluded of his own Judgment, yet he wishes in it to be so.